

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 179.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1855.

PRICE 1d.
STAMPED 2d.



THE LITIGANT BROTHERS BURNING THEIR PAPERS.

THE EAR-RING WITHOUT AN EAR.

AMONGST the numerous domains possessed in Normandy during the seventeenth century by the De Villars family, there was one, known by the name of Motteville, situated near the Vire, and of

only a few acres in extent. The winding of the river formed it into a peninsula, shadowed by willows, birch-trees, and alders, in the midst of which a former proprietor had made a garden, faithfully copied from the celebrated one at Versailles. There

were the same avenues of elm-trees, the same thickets, the same statues—the latter, however, of diminished size, and formed of the stone of the country, instead of bronze or marble. The fame of Motteville was spread through the whole of Normandy: every one, for leagues round, came to see the garden of the marquis; and the country gentlemen declared that a visit to it rendered one to Versailles superfluous.

After the death of the marquis, the chevalier de Castel and the viscount de Beauvilliers, his next of kin and co-heirs, came together to the château, bringing with them a host of lawyers and appraisers, in order to arrange the division of the property. They found there one of their relations, Charles Trenée de Castel, better known as the abbé de St. Pierre, who had attended the death-bed of the marquis. The two cousins knew and loved the abbé, and joined in begging him to continue at the château.

Trenée de St. Pierre was a man of few words, but his mind was continually engrossed with the welfare of others. He well deserved an eulogium passed on him, that "his entire life might be summed up in two words—*give and forgive*."

The chevalier and the viscount agreed pretty well as to the preliminaries of the division. It was found easy to make a fair partition of farms, woods, and dwelling-houses; but when Motteville came in question, each declared that he must have it at any price. The possession of this beautiful spot, in fact, added a sort of *prestige* to its owner: he was certain of receiving the visits of all the Norman nobility, and of being recognised as the representative of the marquis. The dispute on this subject between the cousins soon grew to a quarrel. From angry words they passed to loud threatenings; and each, excited by contradiction, declared that he would spend every penny he possessed in the courts of law, before he would yield his claim to the other. All this was witnessed by the abbé with much pain. He attempted some gentle interference; but the counsels of reason usually produce on anger the same effect as water when thrown on red fire; instead of extinguishing, it only augments the flame. The good man soon perceived that all his words were useless; and he who was seeking to establish the basis of an universal peace amongst the nations of the earth, was forced to renounce the hope of restoring concord between his two cousins.

Hostilities had commenced by each committing his cause into the hands of lawyers. Consultations, appointments, and demands for sums of money, which the litigants had to borrow at high interest, followed as the necessary consequences. Both squandered the inheritance before they received it.

The remnant, however, of good sense and good feeling which they preserved, induced them to continue living together on apparently friendly terms in the château, while their men of business carried on in their names a desperate legal warfare. The abbé de St. Pierre, neuter in the conflict, was the recipient in turn of the confidence of each of the belligerent parties. One day especially, the chevalier and the viscount had communicated to him separately their want of money to prosecute the lawsuit, which had already cost

considerable sums; but on that very account the litigants announced themselves quite determined to persevere to the last, in order not to lose the fruits of their outlay. The abbé listened patiently to each, without finding fault, or making any objection; and having thus rendered them favourably disposed towards him, he asked permission to read to them in the evening a short story which he had just written, and respecting which he wished to have their opinion. Both cousins, though declaring their incapacity to act as literary censors, accepted his proposal with pleasure.

After dinner, the abbé drew forth his manuscript, and began to read as follows:—

"Amongst the innumerable isles which stud the Pacific, are two of moderate extent, but of unequalled fertility. Wild corn grows there in abundance, while the trees and shrubs produce endless varieties of nourishing and delicious fruits. Deer and wild goats range there in numbers; while the bays and creeks between the two islands swarm with excellent fish.

"Each of these islands could boast of but one inhabitant. He of the Green island was named Maki; he of the Round island, Barko. They frequently visited each other in their bark canoes, and lived on excellent terms. Maki was the better hunter, and Barko the more skilful fisher of the two, so that they used mutually to exchange their booty, and the comfort of each was increased. In all other respects their riches were equal, and their habits alike. Each inhabited a cabin, fashioned by his own hands, of branches and sods; they had no other clothes than the skins of the elks and deer which they killed, no other ornaments than the feathers of wild birds, or plumes of dried waving grass.

"It happened one day that Barko, while cutting up a fish which he had caught, found in its stomach a glittering ornament, in the shape of a semicircle of gold, set with precious stones of various colours. A civilised man would have recognised it as the top of one of the elegant combs with which the Spanish ladies used then to adorn their hair; but Barko had never before seen anything of the kind. After having shouted and jumped for joy, he tried by turns how it would answer as a diadem, a neck ornament, a nose jewel, or an ear-ring. The last arrangement pleased him the best; so the glittering semicircle was firmly fixed in his left ear, and hung down conspicuously to his shoulder.

"This being accomplished, Barko's next thought was to hasten to communicate his good fortune to Maki. The latter was struck dumb with admiration: never had he seen or dreamed of anything so splendid. But from the height of admiration there is often a steep and rapid descent to the abyss of jealousy. Maki began to think, why should his friend, rather than he, possess such a treasure? Did not the fishes of the 'Father of the waters' belong equally to both? Besides, it was close to the shore of the Green island that the fish was taken; consequently, ought not the prize to belong to him?

"These reflections were speedily repeated aloud. Barko replied with a haughtiness inspired by his recent good fortune. The ornament was his; no one else had any claim to it, and he would know

how to defend his right, if necessary. For the first time, the two friends parted in anger.

"When he was alone, Maki began to brood over the good fortune and the insolence of his neighbour, and vowed to have revenge. On the next day an opportunity presented itself. Barko seeing a buffalo cross the river, pursued it in his canoe, and killed it on a sand-bank close to the Green island. Maki immediately ran up, and exclaimed that the animal belonged to him; words grew high, and were speedily followed by blows. Barko was wounded and took refuge in his boat, vowing vengeance on his adversary.

"The master of the Green island determined to be beforehand with him. As soon as the night fell, he rowed noiselessly to the Round island, crept towards Barko's cabin, and rushed into it, hatchet in hand. It was empty: Maki was forced to content himself with setting it on fire, and then regained his own dominions. As he approached his own cabin, he saw smoke and flame rising above the trees that surrounded it: Barko had set it on fire! A similar idea of vengeance had struck both simultaneously, and each found himself without a habitation.

"This was but a prelude to the war which ensued. From that day, Maki and Barko renounced the peace and plenty in which they had hitherto lived. Completely occupied in laying and avoiding mutual snares, they did not dare to hunt and fish as usual: they even feared to sleep; and their hatred went on increasing by means of the sufferings which each imposed on the other.

"Several combats, in which both were wounded, produced no definitive result, except to render their hatred more bitter. Maki's jealousy became ungovernable. Every time that he saw afar off the sparkling jewel in Barko's ear, his heart swelled with rage. What signified all the blows, the hunger, and the wakeful nights which he endured, when he could still boast himself the possessor of the splendid ear-ring?

"This thought was not to be endured, and Maki resolved at length to bring the warfare to an issue. He armed himself with his knife and hatchet, swam across the water that separated him from the Round island (his canoe and that of his neighbour were both destroyed), glided through the thickets, and, with a savage cry, darted suddenly on Barko. But the latter avoided the attack, seized his arms, and opposed a desperate resistance to the fury of his assailant.

"Both were soon covered with wounds. Maki felt his enemy's hatchet frequently strike his head; but, carried away by a transport of rage, he continued to fight, regardless of the blows he received. At length, with one desperate stroke he stretched Barko at his feet; he threw himself on him with a shout of victory, to which the other replied by a dying groan, and the next moment expired. Mad with pride and joy, Maki tore from the ear of the corpse the long coveted ear-ring. At length it was his! All his sufferings were fully compensated by the possession of this glorious trophy. After indulging in a savage laugh, Maki pushed aside his blood-stained hair, in order to adorn himself with the golden crescent; but suddenly his hands, which he had raised to his head, fell down, and he uttered a piercing cry.

Barko's strokes had told, and the disputed ornament would be henceforth useless. Both the ears of the conqueror had been cut off!

"Bewildered and affrighted, Maki rose up, and cast around him a despairing glance. He saw only the desolate islands, the burnt cabins, some scattered fragments of the bark canoes, and the mutilated corpse of him who had been his friend."

Here the abbé de St. Pierre paused. The viscount and the chevalier had listened with pensive and embarrassed attention. Several times their eyes met; at length they both stood up, and after having addressed a few common-place words of praise to their cousin, they left the room without speaking to each other.

The following morning, when the abbé came down to breakfast, he found the two litigants standing before a blazing fire, into which they were throwing bundle after bundle of parchments and stamped papers. On seeing M. de St. Pierre, who had stopped in amazement on the threshold, they both turned towards him, laughing merrily.

"What are you doing my friends?" asked he.

"Only composing a practical commentary on your anecdote," replied the viscount. "The Norman Maki and Barko, have at length discovered that if they should persist in contending about Motteville, they would infallibly both be ruined; and they have come to an amicable understanding, in order that the victor should not find himself possessed of the ear-ring without an ear to put it in. We have drawn lots for the château, and it has fairly become the property of the chevalier; he having resigned me an equivalent in another part of the estate."

The good abbé cordially congratulated his two cousins on this arrangement, which preserved alike their fortune and their friendship. Their reconciliation formed henceforth one of the most pleasant memories of his life; and he seldom failed to cite it, when discussing his favourite theory of the spread of peace. Would that nations could settle their disputes as easily.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

NO LESS THAN FIVE HUNDRED MURDERS WERE COMMITTED IN LONDON LAST WEEK!!! Nay, don't throw down the paper with an expression of incredulity: the fact is under rather than over-stated, and was recorded in all the newspapers in England. That newspaper record is copied from a document published with the authority and consent of the government, and there can consequently be no mistake about it. The book from which the document was made up contains the name of every victim, the place where he met his death, and the name of his murderer. The information is all complete and perfect as official exactness can make it. And not only was this immense number of people handed over prematurely to the dominion of the worm last week, but as many were disposed of in the same way the week before, an equal number the week before that; and for many, many weeks and years has this horrible massacre been going on. FIVE HUNDRED A WEEK, chiefly

of the young and innocent, are consigned to the reeking grave and the over-full pest-house.

These five hundred murders, weekly, are not the work of midnight assassins; neither does the drop at Newgate ever avenge the victims. By no secret means or mystic incantations are these crimes carried on, but in broad open daylight—in every narrow court, in every pent-up alley, in the vicinity of every open ditch and obstructed sewer. Turn into any of the byeways of London, and you may see the process of human slaughter going on. Within a stone's-throw of the stateliest habitations—which the murderers seldom attack, and when they do, the inmates are well prepared to repel the aggression—under the very windows where local legislators declaim about the perfections of local self-government, an army of devastators are cutting and slashing and destroying, and the undertaker is huddling up the work to make room for more slaughter. See that gully-hole, indicating an attempt to convey away the filth from the houses: it is the den of a whole troop of murderers. Look attentively, and you may see the foul agents issuing forth, entering the adjoining dwellings, and with withering breath blasting the health and the hopes, perhaps, of a whole family at once; for if the head of the family be the victim, what but pauperism, or beggary, or worse, is left for the survivors? But what if the destroyer finds his victim too strong for him? Even then he leaves a mark that remains through life. Once stricken by the fever, the victim, if he survives the attack, carries the results with him to his grave, in the shape of a debilitated constitution or a depressed physical and moral energy.

Let us look up the next court. Another army of destroyers, another hecatomb of victims! Here there is no gully-hole sending forth its reeking pestilence, but there is death from more obvious causes—pools of filthy water, heaps of cabbage leaves, turnip and potato parings, dead dogs and cats, together with every imaginable variety of domestic refuse. Here the ravagers are enthroned on muck heaps, instead of being hidden in caves and dark places. Here there has been no attempt to make caves for them, there are not even apologies for sewers, and so the cellars undertake the duty of drainage as well as they can. Instead of the cellars being drained into the street, the street drains into the cellars, forming the most convenient and filthy plunge-baths for the recreation of the agents when they are weary.

It is useless to multiply instances; the same description applies to thousands of places within a few yards of every public thoroughfare in the metropolis. In the city—at the west end—in Whitechapel and Bethnal-green in the far east—in Westminster and Mary-le-bone in the west—in Lambeth and the Borough on the southern side—and even in that "salubrious" northern suburb, Islington, where lodging-house keepers boast that their neighbourhood is "recommended by the faculty," the same disgusting state of things prevails, with scarcely appreciable modifications. According to the weekly document alluded to—the Report of the registrar-

general, and published in the newspapers in an abridged form, under the head of "Health of London"—there are upwards of a thousand deaths recorded in the metropolis weekly. The numbers range from about nine hundred to sixteen hundred; but, to make sure of avoiding exaggeration, take the average, weekly, at one thousand, which is at least double what it would be under a sanitary system comprising such arrangements as are approaching completion in several provincial towns.

There is a common saying, that the large towns are the graves of the people; and the high rate of mortality prevalent amongst large assemblages of human beings has been looked upon as an absolutely necessary condition; but not only might large towns be rendered as little subject to the various diseases incident to humanity as the rural villages, but the facilities abounding in large communities for the proper treatment of disease render it quite possible, nay, probable, that the rate of mortality may in towns be reduced even lower than in the country. All the facts that have been collected on the subject point to the conclusion that, by the wise and benevolent arrangements of the Divine Being, all, or nearly all, the physical evils to which we are subjected in this world are largely remediable by our own exertions, and that, by an intelligent observance of cause and effect, we may secure a much larger measure of general health and happiness than has hitherto been enjoyed by the most favoured classes. But for our present purpose it is unnecessary to insist upon this somewhat extreme view. To prove the assertion with which this paper commences, it is only required that facts already verified be adduced. By keeping within this limit, the danger of being charged with utopianism is avoided, as we propose nothing more than an extension of the measures to which we appeal for our proof.

Of the whole population of London, rather more than *forty* die annually out of every thousand. If we take particular localities, we find the mortality in some of them much greater—in some cases as high as one hundred out of every thousand, or ten per cent. For instance, in such places as Agar-town, St. Pancras, the average age of all who died in 1850 was a fraction over ten years, and a state of things precisely similar prevails in the Potteries, and in fact in every one of those crowded localities inhabited by the working and lower classes. In the well-drained districts the mortality is much under the average, being in some instances as low as ten in the thousand. If the best neighbourhoods were omitted from the estimate, it would be found that the average rate of mortality is considerably more than *forty* in the thousand. The large proportion of persons in London able to command habitations of a superior order, with every sanitary appliance, tends to reduce the average rate of mortality very much below that which prevails among the masses, whose condition is therefore not truly indicated by the returns; but in those establishments where the working classes have been supplied with

the means of being cleanly, and their dwellings thoroughly ventilated, the mortality has been diminished to less than twenty in the thousand. Taking four of the "Model Dwellings," situated respectively in Old Pancras-road, Bagnigge-wells, Streatham-street, Bloomsbury, and Albert-street, Mile-end, the average mortality was found in 1850 to be ten in a thousand,* or as low a rate as that exhibited by any of the most favoured districts in the metropolis. The inhabitants of these model dwellings are composed of the same classes as those who are found, under other circumstances, to suffer so much from disease and premature death. From the opening of the first of these dwellings, in 1846, only one case of fever had occurred up to the middle of 1851, while, if they had suffered in proportion to other districts inhabited by the same classes, there would have been sixty cases. "It is difficult," says the late Dr. Granger, in commenting on this fact, "to conceive of any evidence more significant than this, or more calculated to demonstrate the supreme importance of sanitary principles." Another curious proof of the general health of these people is the following, given by one of themselves. "A druggist concluded that, as the Pancras-road buildings contained a large number of families, it would be a good speculation to open a chemist's shop in the immediate neighbourhood; this he did, but in fifteen months the undertaking turned out such a complete failure that it was abandoned, and the house was converted into a provision shop." It is probably too much to expect that the general mortality can be reduced so low as ten in a

* This is taking all the establishments named together. One of them, the Pancras-road building, shows a result somewhat less favourable, the mortality being a fraction over two per cent., or 20 in the thousand; but the proportion of children to the total number was found to be much greater than the ordinary average. In 1841, the number of children living in the metropolis, under ten years of age, was 217 to every thousand of the population, and the number of deaths amongst these children was 52 out of every thousand; in the model dwelling, the rate was 25 out of a thousand; a further confirmation of our position, even under unfavourable circumstances, that the mortality is more than double what it ought to be. We have a striking instance, illustrative of this position, in a report to the General Board of Health on the sanitary condition of the borough of Macclesfield, by Robert Rawlinson, esq., one of the superintending inspectors to the Board. It is there stated, on the authority of Mr. John May, the superintending registrar for the district, a gentleman who has paid much attention to this subject, that in the undrained streets the mortality ranges from 62 to 120 in a thousand; while in the drained streets it is in some instances as low as 10 in a thousand. In those streets where the mortality was 120 in the thousand, 40 were children under 12 months old—a mortality equal to that of the whole of the town at all ages. But the real nature of the case is best seen by comparing the same classes of the people engaged in the same employment, and who are only differently influenced by the different sanitary conditions in which they exist. Mr. May furnishes the following illustrations:—In Catherine-street and Roe-street, which are well drained and paved, and occupied chiefly by weavers, the mortality was 19 in the thousand; while in the same class of houses, the people occupying them employed in the same trade, in Waterloo-street, Vincent-street, Park-lane, and Cromton-road, all undrained, the mortality amounted to 62 in the thousand, or more than three times the mortality in the drained streets. In a report to the General Board of Health, containing "A Summary of Experience on Mortality and Disease," by William Lee, esq., superintending inspector, it is shown, as the result of an investigation into the condition of a large number of towns, that the general rate of mortality may be reduced as low as 11 in the thousand; and the author strongly recommends the legislature to empower the Board to enforce sanitary measures wherever the mortality is found to be 18 in the thousand, that being a rate considerably in excess.

thousand; but, if the whole of the poorer classes could be housed in such habitations as those alluded to, there cannot be a reasonable doubt about the possibility of so improving their general health that the rate of mortality would not exceed, if it reached, twenty in the thousand. That they can be so housed is happily not a matter of opinion; it has been proved by practical experiment in a portion of them, and it is only a question of a few thousands of pounds as regards the remainder. If, then, it be within the reach of human power to place the mass of the people in as good a sanitary condition as that enjoyed by the denizens of the model dwellings, the number of people who die every week in London is at least double what it ought to be, and five hundred out of the thousand are as much the victims of neglect and indifference as if they had been abandoned to the tender mercies of the assassin or the Thug. It is an easier task to rid the land of that army of devastators, whose chief is typhus, and whose foreign ally is cholera, than it was to lock up that horde of robbers who, a few years ago, rendered it dangerous to go abroad without arms. We enchained and executed the Turpins and the Wilds; let us perform an analogous service for those far worse marauders, who rob us of our health, by poisoning the air we breathe and polluting the elements of life.

THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

SIMON SHUTTERS.

SIMON SHUTTERS, be it understood, is no creature of a romancer's imagination, but as much an entity and a positive fact, as the chancellor of the exchequer himself, or any other constitutional personage in the realm, or out of it. In truth, Simon is more a fact to the public than is the responsible individual above named, who, after all, is little else than a great financial abstraction to the majority of her majesty's subjects, notwithstanding that they feel his hands so deep in their pockets just now. This cannot be said of Simon; he is no abstraction; yonder he goes, pacing placidly the broad pavement of Holborn, his arms folded beneath a milk-white apron, and his sunburnt brows only half shaded by a little oval projection of leather appended to his blue cloth cap. Simon has done his morning's work, and now, with the air of a proprietor who feels that "the ground he treads on is his own," is patrolling his landed estate with an evident expression of satisfaction on his weather-beaten sexagenarian physiognomy.

To be plain—for why should we confuse the reader?—Simon is a professor of the art of opening and shutting shops; and if distinction were to be won in such a walk of life, we should say that he is a distinguished professor. His landed estate consists of a furlong or so of the southern side of Holborn, where the pavement is the cleanest, the roadway the broadest, the shops the most resplendent, the shopkeepers the most respectable and well-to-do—and where there is a cool and quiet court, in which a solitary tree rustles its green leaves in the summer breeze, and a con-

venient pump keeps its hospitable mouth continually open for the refreshment of thirsty lieges. Simon's especial function is to take down the shutters of his clients (or patrons, which you choose) in the morning, and to put them up again at night—in which operation he may with perfect truth be said to throw more light upon the respective developments and progress of the arts of commerce and manufacture than any other man in his parish.

From long handling of shop-shutters, Simon has grown to regard them very much in the light that a shepherd does his sheep. He knows their ailments and infirmities, their individual constitutions and little stubborn ways; and he will humour their caprices, and compassionate their maladies. He is aware that they have to put up with very equivocal accommodations in the daytime while off duty; some he has to stack together under a little pent-house between their own and a neighbour's shop; some have to be thrust into the cavernous recess beneath the show-board of the window; some have to be carried into the back-yard in the rear of the house; and some are ignominiously shoved through a grating in the causeway into the coal-hole below. That they should at times prove a little refractory under such treatment, Simon regards as nothing more than natural, and he has patience with them accordingly. When, under the influence of the fogs and damps of winter, they swell, as they are apt to do sometimes, he will coax and humour them into their places; and when in the summer time they shrink, from the heat of the weather, he will judiciously ventilate their nocturnal position by allowing them to "inhabit lax," like Milton's celestials, while they sentinel the starry heavens.

How Simon employs the long interval between the taking down and the putting up of his especial charge, the shutters, we are not in a condition to narrate. What we know is, that he is often seen polishing away with rotten-stone and chamois leather at the long fathoms of brass plate beneath the windows, and as often mounted on steps or a short ladder, armed with dusters and whitening, and rubbing briskly at the monster crystal panes which are the source at once of the shopkeeper's delight and apprehension. Again, we have seen him turn up suddenly from some undiscovered recess at the cry of "Shutters!" from one of his patrons, and incontinently take charge of a packet of goods to be carried home at the heels of a customer, or, it may be, only of a message of immediate importance. And more than once, of a summer's afternoon, have we encountered him in the cool court aforesaid, occupied in the cause of his wooden flock—now with a pocket plane, shearing off a shaving or two from the side of a refractory member; now with a hammer and nails, or turn-screw and gimlet, adjusting or even renewing the iron sheathing at the corners of one aged veteran; now with glue-pot and a rag or two of canvass, applying a breast plaster to a split panel. These kind offices he is at all times willing to perform—of course not without a consideration. He is great, too, in the treatment of blisters—a disorder to which shop-shutters are as liable as sheep are to the foot-rot. This he cures by the application of pumice-stone vigorously administered, followed by

a new coat of paint; or, that being too expensive, of brown varnish, which for a time looks almost as well. When he has a family thus afflicted, he mounts his patients upon trestles, under the tree in the cool court aforesaid, and sets to work upon them with great deliberation.

We know nothing of Simon's political principles; but in practice he is strictly a conservative, and a stickler for the good old times. For more than thirty years he has obtained an honest livelihood by his present profession; and he has been heard to remark, that during the whole of that period the hours of closing shop have, until very lately, been getting nearer midnight, to his increasing annoyance and discomfort. He is, therefore, on principle, a warm advocate of the early closing movement. He would like to see a return to the ancient fashion of putting up the shutters in summer at dusk, and in winter at six o'clock. He has a good word to say for the Saturday half-holiday, and would have no objection, if it could be managed, that a few more holidays should be scattered throughout the year.

It is probable that the routine of Simon's daily life is as free from care as that of most men; but we must not imagine, on this account, that he is exempt from troubles and anxieties. He has had in his time to do battle against rivals in trade, who would fain encroach upon his estate and underbid him in the market. He has at all times to fortify himself against the chances of the weather, and has grown so sensible to atmospheric changes, that, from various internal promptings, he can foretell a storm long before the black clouds rise in the horizon, or a dry season for days before it sets in. Then there is a bugbear constantly before his imagination, in the shape of that new invention which supersedes the use of shutters altogether to the shopkeeper, and which, if it comes into general acceptance, will most assuredly supersede the use of Simon. It is nothing less than a fatal contrivance for drawing up and letting down an effective yet flexible shutter concealed under the cornice above the window: it may be done by the shopkeeper's boy in a minute or less, and it reduces the whole art and mystery of Simon's profession to the simple act of turning a winch or pulling a rope. Simon affects the most sovereign contempt for a machine "that would go for to take the bread out of an honest man's mouth," and has no faith in its efficacy against burglars. Happily for him, John Bull is slow to adopt even the most palpable improvements, and he can console himself in perfect safety that the shutters will last his time.

THE ARMADILLO.

THERE is a group of quadrupeds, termed edentate, or toothless, because they are either totally destitute of teeth, or because, where teeth are present, these organs are limited as to number, and are peculiar in their structure, being destitute of true roots, and wanting both the enamel and the part known in ordinary teeth as the neck. These animals are confined, some to the intertropical latitudes of America, as the sloths, the armadillos, the pichieago, and the ant-eaters; others, as the pangolins or manis, are restricted

to Africa, India, and the Indian islands. One alone, the aard-vark, is a native of Africa. None are European. The sloths haunt trees, and feed upon leaves and buds; the others are terrestrial, and feed, some upon ants and insects generally, and some upon roots and various kinds of vegetable matters, as well as upon eggs, reptiles, and carrion. Some are clothed with hair or coarse fur, while others are protected by a panoply of plate, or scaly armour. All, however, are remarkable for singularity of form and structure, for muscular strength, and for tenacity of life.

We purpose to devote the present paper to the Armadillos. These singular creatures are confined to the warmer regions of America, and the species are tolerably numerous, but none attain to a large size, excepting the great armadillo, (*dasypus gigas*), which in the length of the head and body measures three feet, exclusive of the tail, which is about eighteen inches long. This, however, is but a pigmy to the extinct glyptodon, the strong bony armour of which, found in a fossil state, has been till lately supposed to have belonged to the colossal megatherium—a mistake which professor Owen has rectified. The glyptodon was an enormous armadillo.

The armadillo, or, as the Guarani Indians term it, tatu, has the whole of the upper surface of the body, the top of the head, and also the tail, defended by plates and bands of horny or even bony armour, diversely arranged in the several species. This armour, which reminds us of that of the lobster, consists of a broad buckler covering the neck and shoulders, and a similar buckler covering the hind part of the back and the thighs. Between these bucklers, and occupying the centre of the back, are bands, laid upon a tough, leathery skin, which, when the animal rolls itself up in a hedgehog-like fashion, appears between them. These bands vary in number in the different species, and, if we may trust Azara, even in the same species, according to age or sex. The top of the head is defended by a flat skull-cap; the tail, variable in length, is inclosed either in bands, or in a wrinkled sheath, and the limbs are encased in a tough skin more or less studded with hard pimples. The general armour of the head, body, and tail, presents a tessellated appearance, being composed, in some instances, of square or angular pieces welded, as it were, together; in others, as in the *mataco*, of rosettes, arranged with order and elegance.

Several species of armadillo have been kept alive in the gardens of the Zoological Society, and have much amused persons by the peculiarity of their mode of progress. They pad along at a quick pace, their limbs being in action, without any corresponding inflexions of the body; hence they seem to be acted upon by machinery directed so as to put the limbs alone into an unvarying motion; and this is the more conspicuous, as there is no elasticity in these limbs, the entire sole of the feet being placed upon the ground: in other words, their mode of progression is—to use scientific phraseology—plantigrade. The peculiarity of the mode of progress thus described, is owing to the combined effects of the armour, the mechanism of the spine, and the character of the feet. We may here add, that the limbs are short, thick, and powerful, and are almost entirely concealed by the

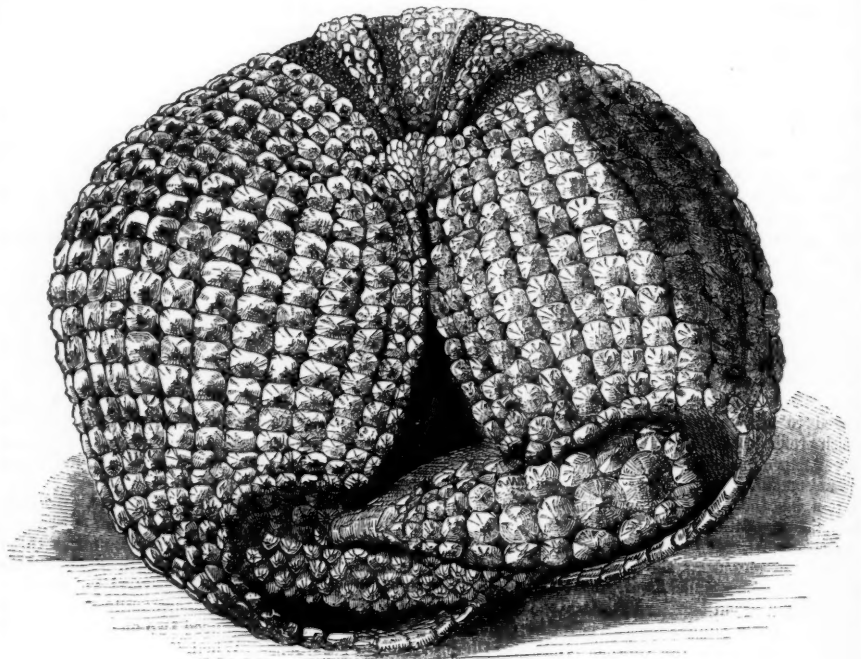
edges of the overhanging armour. In most species the leathery skin, between the bands on the back and that of the under surface, is more or less covered with long bristly hairs, longer and more abundant in young individuals than in adults. To this rule, however, the *mataco* is an exception.

We have already alluded to the power of rolling themselves up into a ball-like figure possessed by these animals; it is not, however, possessed to the same degree alike by every species, and in general this defensive attitude is only assumed when they are surprised and unable to regain their burrows, to which they first endeavour to direct their course, and that with a degree of quickness scarcely to be expected from their appearance. Still it is their ordinary attitude of repose.

The armadillos are, with a few exceptions, burrowing animals, and also nocturnal, at least to a great extent, in their habits. Their burrows are very deep and narrow, with two or three sharp turns, and they excavate them with wonderful expedition. It is only by smoke or by water that they can be driven forth from these retreats; such is their strength, and such is the tenacity of their hold in the narrow passage, that they have been known to leave their tail in the hands of the hunter on his attempt to drag them out.

The armadillos see but indifferently, especially in a bright sunshine, but their sense of hearing is very acute, as is also that of smell, and by these two senses they are much guided. The female armadillo is said to produce several young at a birth. The *wessel-headed* armadillo, or *encoubert*, however, only produced two at a birth in the Zoological gardens. When first born they were quite blind, about four inches in length, soft and white, but the skin presented all the furrows and mosaic-work which characterise the developed armour. The growth of these creatures was not a little surprising; in six or eight weeks they attained nearly to the size of their parents. One born on the 3rd of September, 1831, and which died on the 16th of November following, had increased in weight during that short period to fifty-two ounces two drachms, and measured nearly twelve inches from the nose to the root of the tail. Its armour was firm and compact.

The food of the armadillos consists of fallen fruits, roots of various kinds, maize, worms, insects, eggs, ground-building birds, reptiles, and carrion. According to Azara, they break into the nests of the termite-ants, and devour the insects. The chief food, however, of some armadillos is derived from the immense herds of wild cattle which cover the plains or pampas of vast portions of South America. These cattle are slaughtered chiefly for the sake of the hide and the tallow, and as the carcasses are left to rot on the plains, vast crowds of carnivorous animals, as wild dogs, vultures, etc., are always collected around the place of slaughter. Among these are great numbers of armadillos, which greedily devour the half-putrid flesh, and so become extremely fat and corpulent. In this condition, notwithstanding the repulsive nature of their diet, they are esteemed as a great delicacy, both by the native Indians and the Spaniards and Portuguese of America. The animal is roasted or baked in its shell, and is considered as an especial dainty. It must be observed,



THE ARMADILLO (MATACO)

however, that certain species feed more exclusively than do others on a vegetable diet; and to the flesh of these, Europeans give the preference, while that of the carrion-feeding encoubert is chiefly relished by the Indians; though not exclusively so, for the Gauchos are not very particular.

Mr. Darwin, speaking of some of these animals observed by him at Bahia Blanca, says: "Of armadilloes, three species occur, namely, the pichy, the peludo, and the apar, or mataco. A fourth, the mulita, or mule (so called from its long ears), only extends as far south as the Sierra Tapalguen, which is north of Bahia Blanca. The four species have nearly similar habits; the peludo, however, is nocturnal, while the others wander by day over the open plains, feeding on beetles' larvæ, roots, and even small snakes. The apar, commonly called mataco, has the power of rolling itself into a perfect sphere, like one kind of English wood-louse. In this state it is safe from the attack of dogs; for the dog not being able to take the whole in its mouth, tries to bite one side, and the ball slips away. The smooth hard covering of the mataco offers a better defence than the sharp spines of the hedgehog. The pichy prefers a very dry soil, and the sandunes near the coast, where for many months it can never taste water, are its favourite resort. In the course of a day's ride near Bahia Blanca, several were generally met

with. The instant one was perceived, it was necessary, in order to catch it, almost to tumble off one's horse; for, if the soil was soft, the animal burrowed so quickly that its hinder quarters had almost disappeared before one could alight. The pichy, likewise, often tries to escape notice by squatting close to the ground. It appears almost a pity to kill such nice little animals, for, as a Gaucho said, while sharpening his knife on the back of one, '*Son tan mansos*'—they are so quiet."

Among all the armadilloes, there is not one which can roll itself up in the form of a ball, except the mataco, which is called from this circumstance the bolita, or little ball. It is represented in our engraving (which is taken from nature) as not quite closed up, the limbs being gathered up inside. We have seen a drinking cup made of the shell of the mataco, which was used by an Indian cacique; and an elegant cup it was.

In its mode of self-protection, the mataco reminds us of the box-tortoises, which can not only withdraw their head, limbs, and tail within the shell, but by means of a hinge completely shut themselves up, and thus defy the assaults of ordinary enemies.

It is not our object here to enter into minutiae connected with the various species of the armadillo tribe; a few points of interest may, however,

be noticed. Azara, who met with a certain species, allied to the poyou or encoubert, in abundance on the pampas of Buenos Ayres, says that, during an expedition which he made, so numerous were they "that there was scarcely an individual of the party who did not each day capture one or two at least; for, unlike the poyou, which moves abroad only during the night, this animal is to be found at all times, and upon being alarmed, promptly conceals itself, if not intercepted. In the months of March and April, when I saw them, they were so extremely fat that their flesh surfeited and palled the appetite; notwithstanding which the pioneers and soldiers ate them roasted, and preferred them to beef or veal." . . . "Like others of the genus, this species has undoubtedly a very acute sense of smell, since it scents the carcasses of dead horses from a great distance, and hastens to feed upon them. But as it is unable to penetrate the hide, it burrows under the body till it finds a place, which, from the moisture of the soil, has already begun to decompose. Here it effects an entrance by means of its claws, and forces its way into the interior, where it continues feasting on the putrid flesh, till nothing remains but the hide and bones; and so perfectly do these preserve their position, that it is impossible from a mere external view to guess the operations which the armadillos had been carrying on within." The office of scavenger thus performed by the armadillo is a most benevolent provision in a warm climate, where the air would speedily become tainted by decaying matter. Azara farther states that this species does not construct burrows to reside in; that it avoids low, humid localities; and is only to be met with in the dry, upland plains. The encoubert, or poyou, so common in Paraguay, burrows in the ground, with great facility, and is chiefly nocturnal in its habits. Like many others of this tribe, it has a custom, while running along, of suddenly stopping and squatting close to the ground, probably when its apprehension is excited by any noise or object.

The piba, a native of Brazil and Paraguay, is nocturnal in its habits, and an expert burrower. It frequents open and cultivated fields, and is much esteemed for the delicacy of its flesh, which, when roasted in the shell, is said to resemble that of a sucking-pig, being fat and well tasted. In this species the snout is prolonged and tapers to a point, and the tail is nearly as long as the head and body together.

The great armadillo is a thick, powerful animal, and the feet are armed with large and stout claws. It is a native of Brazil, but avoids the open country, preferring the borders of the forests, where it works out deep burrows. It is very carnivorous, and will even make its way into graves (if they be not well defended by planks) for the purpose of foully feeding upon the dead. Notwithstanding these animals are natives of inter-tropical regions, we have reason—from the success which has attended their domiciliation in the Zoological gardens, where they have bred several times—to believe that some species, at least, might without much difficulty be naturalised in our own country, and kept like rabbits in warrens or inclosures. We do not, however, suppose that any attempt of the kind will be made; since, as prejudice would hin-

der their introduction into our bill of fare, no manifest benefit would result from the experiment, even if successful to the utmost. In captivity, however, they are amusing creatures, and evince more intelligence and curiosity of disposition than their aspect would lead us to anticipate. Their broad, flat, armour-banded bodies, scarcely elevated on their short stumpy legs above the level of the ground, give them a similarity to the common wood-louse, only that they pad along with surprising alertness, and display abruptness in all their actions. Of all living species, the mataco is the most singular and elegant, and the rarest in museums of natural history.

A SCENE FROM THE REIGN OF TERROR.

It is nearly five-and-twenty years ago now, since the events which I am about to particularise first came to my own knowledge. It was after an autumn day's ramble through a delightful and picturesque district in the west of England, in company with an old friend and patron who had seen much of the world, that an accidental observation on my part gave rise to the communication by him of this remarkable passage in his personal history. We had been sketching in a rocky valley, at the bottom of which a little brook ran sparkling and winding along its tortuous course to the Avon; one of the views we had brought home recalled to my mind a landscape which I had seen and admired at the Palais du Luxembourg, in Paris, some time before. I endeavoured to awaken the recollection of the picture in the memory of my companion, who knew the French picture-galleries well; but on my mentioning the Luxembourg, his countenance assumed a peculiar expression, which seemed to settle down into it, and would not depart.

"My recollections of the Luxembourg," he said, "are not of pictures or the picturesque, and I assure you they are anything but pleasant. A whole generation has passed away, and another is passing, since I first saw it; but were I to live a thousand years, the remembrance of the life I led in that palace would endure as long."

Feeling my curiosity aroused by these words, I begged the speaker to inform me of the events, whatever they might be, which had made such an indelible impression. He was a man upon whose slightest word the strictest reliance could be placed; he was rarely given to talk of the adventures of his life, which had been one of many and varied experiences; and if he was ever betrayed into confidences of such a kind, they were generally shared but by a single auditor. On this occasion he did not think proper to refuse the request I made, but rousing up the fire, and returning its crackling blaze with a smile of satisfaction, he complied with my wish, in words to the following purpose:—

"You have forgotten, or perhaps you did not know, that the Palais du Luxembourg was once used as a prison. In those magnificent saloons, now adorned with the finest works of modern art, once lay crowded together hundreds of the victims

of the Revolution, momentarily expecting the doom of death by the guillotine. When I was a very young man, more patriotic than prudent, and better informed on one side of popular and public questions than I had taken the trouble to be on the other, I became mightily impressed with the wrongs of the people, and made it my ambition to become the assertor of their rights. Before I was eighteen I had joined one of the corresponding societies in London, and had not long joined it when I found myself in prison under a charge of sedition. Fortunately, my friends, who had money at their command, stirred in my behalf. I had the first counsel of the day, and when the trial came on, it was owing to his consummate address, in some degree assisted perhaps by my own youthful appearance, that a verdict of 'not guilty' set me free.

"The danger I had escaped, and the paternal admonitions which followed, though they wrought no change in my principles, considerably modified my conduct, and made me cautious and wary for the future. I grew disgusted with London, and gladly accepted a proposition made to me to join, in quality of junior partner, a firm in Paris, in whose house I had spent two years while completing my education. I consented to the investment of my little fortune in this concern, and forthwith repaired to Paris, to aid in conducting it in person. The business, being almost a monopoly, for we had no rivals in trade, was lucrative, and thrived well. Though I sympathised with the progress of the Revolution, from which I expected great things, I kept rigidly aloof from it from the first, never so much as even conversing on political affairs. I had reason to congratulate myself on this reserve, when, before I had been a year in France, the atrocities of the tribunals revealed the true character of the monsters who had usurped the government, and changed my sympathies into the most profound abhorrence and disgust. As the aspect of the times grew more dark and savage, my two partners, who had realised a sufficient competence, began to manifest some alarm at their position; I felt none myself, but laughed at their fears; and when they proposed to sell me the whole concern, taking my bills at a long date for the purchase-money, I closed with their offers, and became sole proprietor in my own right.

"My business, which consisted merely of the transfer of a species of merchandise of which I saw only samples, while it occupied but little of my time, brought in considerable profits, and I prospered rapidly. True to my resolution, I avoided all meddling with politics, and devoted my leisure to studies best pursued in solitude. In little more than a year I had paid off my friendly creditors, and but a short interval stood between me and competence. The turmoil, and trouble, and horror of the Revolution never reached the seclusion in which I dwelt, although raging around me on all sides. I incurred no suspicion; I received no domiciliary visits from the myrmidons of the knaves and despots in office; in the midst of the direst peril I lived in safety, peaceful and undisturbed. Being conscious of enmity to no man, I considered myself secure from hostility on the part of any; and much as I deplored the bloody excesses which were daily enacting around me, the sense of per-

sonal peril never disturbed my rest, or interfered with the quiet routine of my life.

But the hour of peril came at last. I had almost doubled my wealth, and was looking forward to a life of ease and independence, when one tempestuous night, in the showery summer of 1793, a banging at the street-door startled me from my first sleep, and a minute after a band of sinister-looking men entered my chamber, the leader of which, exhibiting a warrant for my apprehension, commanded me to rise and accompany them. Assuming as cheerful an air as I could, I obeyed with promptitude, the men retiring while I hurriedly dressed. A carriage stood at the door; into this I was thrust unceremoniously, and driven off to a midnight tribunal then sitting at the *Hôtel de Ville*. Here I thought proper to make a demonstration against the indignity I had suffered; and I angrily demanded to know what possible charge could be made against me. The ruffian in office replied to my remonstrance with an oath, and ordered me to keep silence, adding, that I was brought there for identification, not for trial. It would be time enough for me to hear the charge, he said, sneeringly, when I was called upon to answer it. It was in vain that I attempted a remonstrance against such an abominable proceeding; my indignation only excited the mirth of the savages who had me in their toils, and submission was my only course. As a last resource, I begged the president to take down my protest. He pointed to pen, ink, and paper, and commanded me to write it myself. I did so as briefly as possible, claiming protection as a French citizen. He had no sooner got a specimen of my handwriting than he pretended to compare it with a so-called seditious document produced by one of his subordinates, which I had never set eyes on, and immediately ordered me into confinement. I had to wait an hour after this, while others who had been similarly kidnapped, submitted to the same kind of mock examination; and then, in company with three unfortunate fellow-victims, was driven off to the Luxembourg, where we all arrived at two o'clock in the morning. Here I was thrust alone into a little boarded cell or cabinet, furnished with a straw palliase, a rug, a deal table, and a single chair, and lighted by a dim oil lamp, which hung from the lofty ceiling above and out of my reach.

"Left alone, my sensations were the reverse of pleasurable. I sat down and began as calmly as possible to review my position. Having for the whole period of my residence in Paris rigidly abstained from all meddling with politics, in pursuance of the resolution already alluded to, I felt convinced that no charge really existed upon which my secret enemy, whoever he might be, could found an accusation. I could therefore come to no other conclusion than that I had been secretly proscribed by some one who meditated the plunder of my property, while I was shut up in prison. Bad as was this state of affairs, I saw reason to congratulate myself that it was no worse. I knew that the strictest search among my papers would reveal nothing to substantiate the charge of sedition, under which the magistrate had ostensibly committed me to prison; and I judged that there would be little likelihood of my being brought to trial, as it would be rather the policy of those who had

taken this mode of getting possession of my property, to keep me quietly confined, than to drag me before a tribunal, which, whether it condemned me to the scaffold or restored me to liberty, would hardly fail of discovering the motive which led to my imprisonment. This reflection relieved me from the fear of the guillotine; and another source of gratulation presented itself in the fact that as yet I had not been personally searched. I happened to have a considerable sum about me, and by what appeared a fortuitous piece of good fortune, the book containing my banker's account was in the breast pocket of my over-coat, which I had worn when out on business the previous evening in the rain, and which I had instinctively put on when compelled to follow my captors to the tribunal. Before I lay down to sleep, I ripped a hole in the mattress, and stuffed the principal part of my treasure into the centre of the straw, retaining only in my pocket a small sum for present use. My gaoler had locked me in, and I supposed that the confined area of less than ten feet that bounded my view, would be the limits of my motions during my incarceration. I threw myself on the wretched bed, and tried to sleep, but I saw the grey light of morning paling the dim rays of the lamp above, before I went off to slumber, and to dream of sunny England and the scenes where I had played in childhood.

"There was music and laughter in my dream, and the sounds as they grew louder awoke me; but it was the laughter of men, not of children, and the music resolved itself into the twanging of a lute. Rubbing my eyes, I started up, and seeing that my door had been unlocked and stood ajar, I leaned forward and looked out. The spectacle of my amazed and curious face, surmounted by a red night-cap extemporised from a silk handkerchief, was received with a burst of merriment loud and prolonged, proceeding from above fifty persons, mostly young and well-dressed men, seated on chairs and benches, or lounging on tables scattered over a large area, surrounded on all sides by wooden sheds or cells, similar to my own. Some of them, hailing me as 'Le Bonnet Rouge,' gave me a hearty welcome and wished me joy of my arrival. I made what haste I could with my toilet, and commending myself to the care of Providence, joined them with the best grace I could assume. As I approached, I requested permission to share their society, if, as I supposed, judging from what I saw, the rules of the prison would allow me partaking of that pleasure. They bowed politely, and as I ceased speaking, a young gentleman stepped forward and volunteered to enlighten me on the rules and etiquette of their association, such as it was, and to which it would be expected I should conform as a condition of membership. Taking me by the arm, he led me up and down the saloon, and initiated me into the nature of the association which the prisoners had formed for the double purpose of relieving the weariness of confinement, and banishing the gloomy anticipations of that doom which impended over the major part of them. From his communications, I understood that although the saloon was free and common to all the prisoners for the purpose of exercise, it was yet an agreed thing that no one should appear before his fellows who could not put a cheerful face

upon the circumstances of his lot, whatever they might be. Those who had the courage to confront their fate unmoved had a right, he contended, to insist upon an example of courage from others in the same predicament. 'Grief and gloom,' he observed, 'are contagious; and since in our case they are unavailing, we conceive that we act wisely in banishing them from our presence. A man who has not the fortitude to encounter that which is inevitable, has clearly no right to depress others by the exhibition of his feebleness. We shall be proud of the honour of your company if you can admit this principle and act upon it.'

"I assured him that I could and would conform to the rule, the practical good sense of which I could not but recognise, though struck with the ultra Spartan spirit which had dictated it. I promised never to offend by the exhibition of a sorrowful face before the assembly, nor disturb their enjoyments by my private regrets, which I would endure, when they became too oppressive, in the solitude of my cell.

"My new friend commended this resolution, and went on to intimate that if I could add to their amusement by any means in my power, my endeavours would be most acceptable and regarded as real benefactions. They had among them, he said, some musical professors; they performed dramatic pieces occasionally, and held debates on social and political questions; and he trusted I might be able to take a part in some or all of these proceedings for their common benefit. Then, without the slightest agitation or change of voice or countenance, he gave me to understand that their first violin would leave them that morning, though he would entertain them with a final example of his talent by the performance of a grand cavatina, before the tumbrel called for him, which would bear him off to the guillotine about twelve o'clock. With him would also depart fifteen other gentlemen, bound to the same final errand: their little community, he was sorry to say, was extremely liable to such unpleasant reductions: the occasions were in fact far too frequent to be agreeable, (he raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders as he spoke); but then, he added, we are constantly reinforced with new recruits, so that our circle, though daily varying in character, is generally complete in number. He wound up his communication by informing me that of the fifty gentlemen or so whom I saw around me, seven would die that morning, and he excused himself for not pointing out these doomed individuals, on the ground that if I had any curiosity that way, it would soon be satisfied without his being guilty of a breach of decorum.

"These details horrified me to a degree that I did not care to betray. Though I had been so long in the centre of revolutionary atrocities, I had paid such exclusive attention to my own concerns, that I was in no way prepared for the exhibition of such a state of feeling in regard to sudden and murderous death as I now found to prevail. I could hardly repress the exclamations of dismay which rose to my lips; but I thanked my new friend for his courtesy, and reiterating my promise never to appear in their social circle when my spirits were not up to the mark, bowed ceremoniously, and withdrew to my quarters to

ruminate upon the intelligence he had imparted. You may partly imagine my feelings. I had been born of religious parents and religiously educated in the protestant faith; from infancy I had never neglected the daily duties of religion, and it had been the habit of my life to seek by prayer the guidance of God's Providence in all that I undertook; a habit which, while it was confirmed by a sense of the perils by which my course of life in Paris had been surrounded, enabled me, in acting according to the best of my judgment, to leave the issue to the great controller of events. To my mind death never appeared but with an aspect of imposing solemnity, and I could not accept the idea of meeting his ghastly approach with indifference, how much less with the mockery of laughter and merriment, which at such a crisis were abhorrent to my imagination. I remained secluded in my cell during the whole of that day, a prey to the most miserable speculations. I was aware of the acting of the bloody tragedy of which I had received intimation. I heard the cavatina brilliantly played by the violinist, who knew that within an hour his head would fall upon the scaffold. I heard the rumbling vehicle drive up, which came to feed the dripping axe with the bodies of sixteen of my fellow-prisoners. I saw the fated band defile past my half-opened door, and heard them respond cheerfully to the 'bon voyage' of their companions, ere they mounted the fatal cart which was to drag them out of the world.

"The force of habit will, however, in a manner naturalise a man to any situation, however dreadful or unnatural in itself. As week after week rolled over my head in the Luxembourg, I became by degrees impressed with very different ideas with regard to death—death violent and instantaneous. My fellow prisoners averaged above a hundred in number, and most of them being in prison for offences against the ruling authorities, were but in the position of men who had knowingly staked their lives in an ambitious game, and having lost the stake expected to forfeit it. They paid the penalty as recklessly as they had played the game; and though I was never reconciled to their indifference to its value, I yet found my own estimate of life descending gradually lower and lower. They resorted to every species of amusement as a distraction from serious thought. Plays were acted—the younger prisoners taking the female parts in dresses borrowed from the gaoler's wife. Music, vocal and instrumental, under the conduct of an aged professor who had got into prison by mistake, enlivened the hours of the mornings; and card parties arranged round the tables, sat till the hour of locking up. It did not often happen that executions took place on two successive days, and sometimes the intermission would extend for a whole fortnight. But whenever the cells happened to be crammed, a circumstance which I learned to regard with shuddering, the execution of a large number was sure to follow speedily.

"Deprived of sympathy, and devoid of occupation, the first months of my sojourn in this terrible place were months of unalleviated misery. I had been permitted to send to my residence for linen and clothes, and my servant had compassionately added a few of my English books. Among these was Baxter's 'Call to the Uncon-

verted.' It struck me that I would make an occupation for myself by translating this into French; and I hoped, by circulating it freely, and at a nominal price, I might do something towards stemming the torrent of profligacy, profanity, and bloodshed, raging around. Sending for writing materials, I began the work, labouring at it for several hours a day, but could not make much progress owing to the noise and distractions that prevailed; but every night, after being locked up, I wrote for a quiet hour before retiring to rest.

"This occupation did me good. I had accomplished about half my undertaking, when, one morning while I was writing, some one tapped at my door; it was one of the turnkeys, who announced a new prisoner in the person of an Englishman, who sought to be introduced to me as to the only fellow-countryman within the walls. As the turnkey spoke, the new-comer stepped forward. He was a man apparently beyond the middle age, of a rather unprepossessing aspect, but with the fire of intellect in his restless eye. He introduced himself as Thomas Paine, the author of the 'Rights of Man,' and gave me to understand that he was suffering in the cause of liberty. I afforded him such hospitality and condolence as I could, and helped to instal him in a vacant cell next to my own. I had read his writings, and knew the spirit of the man, and did not feel much gratified by the arrival of such a companion; but as he was the reverse of obtrusive, he rarely interrupted my work. I put him in possession of the rules and etiquette of the place, as I had learned them myself, and warned him to keep a cheerful face in company. He expressed his approval of the regulation, though he rarely put it in practice, but kept close in his cell, where he wrote the best part of the day. He told me he was completing a work which would make a noise in the world, by putting priestcraft to the rout. He lent me a portion of the manuscript, and when I returned it, expressing my unqualified condemnation, he received the verdict with a laugh, assuring me that I was unable to judge dispassionately, from the effect of my early prejudices. I did not choose to return his confidence, by making him privy to the design of my own labours; but I felt a secret satisfaction in prosecuting them, which I had never felt before, and which arose from the thought that I might be doing something counteractive of what I considered the destructive tendency of his. I now wrought with greater perseverance, and towards the close of the winter had got my manuscript ready for the printer.

"The preparation of the last few pages was much hindered by the crowded state of the prison. Every cell was occupied; the greater number of them had two inmates, and I had been able to preserve my solitude only by the sacrifice of a considerable sum. We who had been long confined knew but too well what to anticipate from this state of affairs, and every night, as the lock-up hour approached, we expected the summons of the bell, and the reading of the condemned list. Eighteen days had elapsed since the last execution, and the most sanguine among us began to hope that these judicial butcheries were at an end. We were deceived: the bell tolled again, and its first note brought us in silence around the gaoler,

as he read off the fatal list of twenty-seven names, with the numbers of the cells of their owners. While the list was reading Paine sat clutching his cell door in his hand, and sternly watching the gaoler. He slammed it to when the list was read through; and as I did not sleep that night, I knew by his restless movements that he also in vain sought repose. Upon marshalling the victims next morning in readiness for the tumbrils, the gaoler declared that the number was short by one—asserting, what was not the fact, that he had read off twenty-eight the night before. Upon being required to read the list again, it was not to be found. ‘Gentlemen,’ he cried out, ‘you must manage it between you somehow; I shall not peril my own head by sending short weight to this kind of bargain. Be so good as to settle it, will you?’ As he spoke, a volunteer stepped forward. ‘What signifies a day’s or a week’s life more or less?’ he said; ‘I will go. Gentlemen, don’t put yourselves out of the way—the affair is settled.’ A murmur of applause was deemed reward enough for this act of self-devotion, which at another era, and under circumstances even less terrible, might have won an immortality of fame. This gratuitous heroism was the act of a young fellow not five-and-twenty; he was allowed to lead off in the dance of death that morning, and was reported to have behaved with a gaiety and *nonchalance* exceedingly French. I know not his name; it is forgotten, together with his exploit, which was scarcely a three days’ wonder.

“Soon afterwards, from some cause or other, it began to be whispered about that one of the two Englishmen should have made the twenty-eighth on the list, and Paine was stigmatised as the dishonourable person. It may be that these reports were founded on his intimacy with the gaoler, who daily brought him communications from his Jacobin friends. Some said the gaoler had erased his name from the list for the sake of a bribe; but as Paine, like myself, had never undergone the ceremony of a trial, and was, as far as I could judge, unaware of the specific charge against him—and as the form at least of a trial was generally allowed to all prisoners—it is by no means impossible that his name never was down in the list. Still the rumour ran that, through his being on a visit at the gaoler’s rooms when the rest were all locked up, he had learned his threatened fate, and succeeded by means of bribery in averting it.

My manuscript being ready, I sent for a printer, and employed him to get out a pretty large edition in a portable form at a low price. Two months were occupied in getting it through the press—the printers at that period being all busy. This being at last accomplished, I sent for a bookseller of my acquaintance, gave him an order upon the printer for the whole edition, and directed him to sell them at half a franc each, or fivepence, by which, if all sold, about half my outlay would be reimbursed; and of this result, so ignorant was I of the book trade, I had not the slightest doubt.

Having finished my task, I felt a satisfaction which I had not known before, and was able to enjoy the few pleasures my situation afforded. The habit of writing, which I had imbibed from my employment, I now continued as a source of self-improvement—journalizing the events of each day,

and recording such striking characteristics of human nature and conduct as the rapid changes of the time presented to my observation. Paine kept himself immured in his cell, seemed lost and abstracted on the few occasions when by chance we met, and appeared to have ceased all communication with the world both within and without the prison walls.

“In July came the fall of Robespierre, who for want of physical courage failed in the desperate game he played. The information was sent to me by some anonymous friend, and in five minutes it was known to the whole of my fellow-prisoners, to their inexpressible joy. When this news came at length, the mask which each man had worn so heroically to cheer the heart of his neighbour, dropped off, and the bravest and those who had shown themselves most scornfully defiant of a bloody death, wept and sobbed like little children. It unmans me even now to recall that hour; let me pass it over. In the course of a day or two I was set at liberty. I bade farewell to Paine at the prison doors, and never saw him afterwards. On arriving at my residence in the Rue St. Honoré, I found, as I had expected, the house gutted and plundered of everything of value, and learned that my faithful servant had been forcibly enlisted and packed off to the frontier. As soon as possible I procured a passport, and made the best of my way to London.

“An interval of twenty years occurred before I again found my way to Paris. In 1814, when that city was in the possession of the allied powers, I had the good fortune to commend my services as a linguist to officers high in command in the British army. Their goodwill placed me in a position to vindicate my claim to the value of the property of which I had been so unjustly plundered, and for the sake of which I had been proscribed and cast into prison. I was not slow in pushing my claim, and the *quartier* in which I had resided thought fit to indemnify me to the full extent of my loss. It now occurred to me to apply to the bookseller who had undertaken the sale of my work. There he was in his old place, grown grizzled and thin, but as active as ever. I had no difficulty in making myself known, as he recollected the circumstance perfectly well. To my utter astonishment and mortification, he informed me politely that the whole of my three thousand copies were yet upon his shelves, and that, as it would be a convenience to get rid of them, he was ready to hand me over the entire impression. He had not been able to effect the sale of a single copy, he said, though he had applied the usual means of pushing the work. As a literary undertaking, he considered it the most remarkable failure that ever came under his notice; but he was pleased to qualify this remark by asserting his conviction that the failure was not owing to any defect in my literary capacities, but solely to the unfitness of such wares for the Parisian market. The whole edition was returned to me, minus not a single copy; there was not a person to be found in all Paris in twenty years who would give fivepence for Baxter’s celebrated work! * Yet I never repented the effort; it had

* It may be recollected that, at the commencement of this century, Dr. Bogue and a friend, after traversing Paris for

afforded me employment when I most needed it, and comforted me with the reflection, abortive as it proved, but not the less efficient in my case, that I was at work for the benefit of my fellow-creatures."

As my friend finished his narrative, he rose, and taking down a small paper-covered volume from a shelf of his book-case, put it into my hands. It was the French edition of Baxter. "You can keep that," he said, "as a memorial of my early perils, and of the narrative you have just heard." I pocketed the volume, and kept it for many years. Whether a search, which I lack the courage to institute, among my lumbered library, would at this time of day restore it again to the light, is more than I can say.

A VISIT TO SEBASTOPOL IN THE TIME OF PEACE.

AMONG the comparatively few travellers who visited this now world-renowned fortress was Demidoff, whose tour in the Crimea was dedicated to the late emperor Nicholas. It will probably not a little interest our readers to learn how this spot, which is, as we write, girt with a circle of fire, and beleaguered by contending hosts, appeared when war was a thing entirely in the future. The visit described below took place about eighteen years ago.

When the traveller, on disembarking at the custom-house, first beholds this city perched upon its white and burning rocks, he is tempted to retreat before so many obstacles, and his eye anxiously wanders in search of some more easy and less fiery mode of approach. One street rather more endurable than the rest, stretches at a considerable height, in a parallel direction with the great quay, and on either side of it are assembled whatever remarkable buildings the modern Sebastopol may boast of. Here the cathedral, built in the most elegant style of architecture, concentrates the humble devotion of the population. Further on rises the tower of the Admiralty, displaying somewhat too ostentatiously a number of pillars out of proportion with the remainder of the building. Several rather handsome hotels, protected from the sun by numerous blinds, and a number of small gardens, in which all attempts at verdure are smothered by the dust, constitute the sum of all that is to be seen in this, the fine quarter of Sebastopol. If you bend your steps towards the summit of the city, you again meet with these gardens, discreetly screening little houses of tolerably clean appearance, but this portion of the city is exposed to violent winds, sweeping periodically over the naked soil, and raising a perfect storm of dust and sand.

When you have reached the summit of the ascent, however, the trouble and fatigue are compensated by the beauty of the prospect. The eye embraces the entire port and its various establishments, forming a magnificent spectacle, especially when the whole of the Black Sea fleet spreads out its imposing array in the basin of the roadstead.

Just as we were completing the simple arrangements for establishing our quarters, an unusual

some days, were unable to find a copy of the New Testament in the booksellers' shops. Happily, better times have arisen even in Paris.

stir in the city and in the port attracted our attention. It was caused by the arrival of a government steamer, "The Gromonoets" (Thunder-bearer), with prince Menschikoff, minister of the Imperial marine, on board, who had been expected to review the fleet. The minister remained on board his vessel, and as soon as "The Gromonoets" had cast anchor, received visits from the various official bodies in the public service. Admiral Slavanieff, in command of the port of Sebastopol, was at that time suffering from severe illness, and we were deprived of the honour of being presented to him, contenting ourselves with forwarding our letter of introduction from count Woronzoff. We were more fortunate in the case of Mr. Upton, the skilful engineer who designed and directs the useful and important works of the port. His active and intelligent sons assist their father in conducting the immense undertakings, executed with the aid of an army of military labourers. In every direction round Sebastopol, and to whichever shore you turn, long ranges of barracks are seen for the reception of an important garrison; even this abundance of military quarters, however, was at that time insufficient for the accommodation of the numerous soldiers employed on the costly constructions, and laborious earth-works, which are to change the aspect of this coast. In a short time, vast workshops, spacious esplanades, and deep basins will stand in the place of the chalk hills, which formerly overlooked the bays; and already, by the effects of patient labour, these hills have been brought down to their level.

Thirty thousand men encamped in tents supply the hands by which these gigantic metamorphoses are accomplished, and it is a spectacle full of interest to see this army of labourers, all dressed in white linen, busily passing and repassing, amidst clouds of the dust which they are carrying away by sackfuls—it might almost be said by handfuls—from the former site of the levelled hillocks; a perfect ant-hill, in which the infinite division of labour arrives at length at the same result as the motive power and machinery. Unfortunately, a fearful visitation had manifested itself amidst this active and persevering body; intense ophthalmia, the ophthalmia of Egypt, contagious according to some, epidemic as others believe, was committing ravages, evidences of which were but too painfully manifest. It was commonly attributed to the prodigious quantity of dust whirled about by the winds along these hill sides, entirely bare since the commencement of the works. But whatever the cause, the evil is indeed a terrible one. Twenty-four hours are sufficient for the eye to become so entirely corrupt as to leave its socket.

We were allowed to go on board a fine frigate, called the "Bourgas." The perfect order of this vessel, and its beautiful lines, were worthy the remainder of the fleet; but our admiration was entirely absorbed by the fine proportions and magnificent appearance of the "Warsaw," a three-decked vessel. It stood like a rock, overlooking the imposing array of naval force, embracing not less than twelve thousand men and fifteen hundred guns.

The life of the inhabitants of Sebastopol is entirely domestic: so many obstacles as we have pointed out, opposing themselves to out-door re-

laxation and parties of pleasure, which elsewhere so agreeably charm away the evening. At the close of day scarcely did we see more than one or two boat parties at the same time with us enjoying the last rays of the setting sun. But though the inhabitants abstain from out-door life, they are, on the other hand, fond of society and the tranquil pleasures of home life. Those of my companions who were strangers to the citizen life of Russia had an opportunity of observing it at Sebastopol in all its most amiable peculiarities. The polite, welcome, and obsequious attention to their guests is practised here to quite as high a degree as in the centre of the empire, and in no particular is the proverbial hospitality of the Russians belied. A few customs are still preserved in certain families, altogether patriarchal in their simplicity. Thus, in more than one house, your host will taste the wine which is in your glass; and the custom of kissing ladies' hands still exists, for which kiss on the hand you receive one on the cheek. Every evening the family and the friends of the family assemble round a tea-table, where the conversation is far from languishing, but before ten o'clock every one has retired. At ten o'clock, Sebastopol enjoys the most complete calm, and the silence is unbroken, save by the distant tinkling of the bells in the vessels, striking the watches, and the challenges of the sentinels in the harbour, answered by the mournful baying of the dogs.

In ordinary times, Sebastopol reckons a population of thirty thousand souls—civilians, soldiers, or sailors serving in the port. Our arrival was at a fortunate moment, for the presence of the fleet, and the active army of workmen, more than doubled the number of inhabitants. It was principally in the approaches to the well-stocked market that an adequate idea of the population was obtained. The consumption of pastecs here was prodigious; whole mountains of this refreshing fruit, heaped up in the eve, disappeared every morning. An immense variety of fish was also sold at daybreak, greatly to the satisfaction of our naturalists, who, by gaining the advance of the ordinary consumers, were enabled to make a selection for scientific purposes out of the abundant take of the night.

All the necessaries of life are cheap enough here: wood and provender only sustain high prices, on account of the barren condition of all this part of the Crimea. Situated on a calcareous hill, Sebastopol is in no want of materials for building, of a sufficiently good quality; but, on account of the porous nature of the stone, it requires to be covered with a coating of composition, in order that the exterior of the buildings may have a neat and cleanly appearance. The splendid blocks of stone used in the construction of the docks are brought from a distant spot, which contributes not a little to increase the expense of these imperishable works. The cost already incurred amounted to five millions of roubles, and to all appearance it was likely to amount, eventually, to double that sum.

Not a single Tatar dwelling is to be found in the city; nor is any to be seen at Severnaia, a harbour for coasting vessels, facing Sebastopol, on the northern coast of the bay, as is indicated by its name, signifying northern village. Here may be seen a large number of government store-

houses, built in a row, and protected by batteries. It should be noted, that few individuals of the Mussulman order pass beyond the harbour; they generally content themselves with taking up their stations, with their laden wagons, on the shore of Severnaia. Here, from morning till night, a noisy crowd of petty traders is busily assembled, purchasing provisions, fire-wood, and other wares, brought by Tatar caravans to this little port.

In the meantime, our two companions, whom we had left at Baghtcheh-Sarai, had joined the body of the expedition, though not without encountering some adventures. Arriving in the midst of a dark night on the quay of Sebastopol, without a guide to direct them through this city of precipitous streets, and possessing no other clue than the name of our host Cabalzar, a name of a somewhat cabalistic sound, our friends made their *début* by stumbling among the piles of pastecs, and causing a general downfall of the fruit, which began rolling towards the sea. Hence an alarm was given, and the merchants, awakened at the noise, ran off in a panic, some after the fugitive pastecs, others in search of the authors of this disastrous rout, amidst a chorus of abusive epithets, which may be left to the imagination. Fortunately, a custom-house officer interposed his authority for the protection of the strangers, who were sadly bewildered at their position; peace was restored, and after an hour's weary search and anxiety our colleagues reached our door. Their disappointment may well be imagined, at the sight of the furniture in our gipsy lodging: on the faith of the great renown in which Sebastopol is held, they had cherished expectations of a very different character, and experienced a deception not uncommon in a traveller's life. Matters were shortly made up, and our cohort, now once more complete, serried its ranks to do the honours of our rough bivouac to the new comers.

THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

NOTHING can form men to a fitness for bringing much honour to God, or for being singularly useful to the world, but the influence of God's Spirit. We shall never design great things for God or our generation, much less execute them well, unless we are under the influence of a better spirit than our own. But if filled with the Holy Spirit, we shall be able and ready to do all things which we are called to; "the weak will be as David, and David as an angel of the Lord."

To be filled with the Spirit would make us proof against the most powerful temptations. All the terrors of life will be little things to a man full of the Holy Ghost; as was plainly seen in Stephen's case, and in many of the noble army of martyrs. Satan will gain little advantage by all his vigilance and subtlety, where the all-wise and gracious Spirit is present as a constant monitor.

To be filled with the Spirit would put us into a fit posture of soul for daily communion with God. Every institution of divine worship would be attended on with pleasure and delight; we should engage in it with a spiritual frame, and every pious disposition suitable to it would be in ready and

lively exercise. When this wind blows upon the garden, the spices thereof will flow out; and then the beloved will come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits. Cant. iv. 16.

To be filled with the Spirit would settle our souls in the truest pleasure and peace. The more we walk in the fear of the Lord, the more we may expect to walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. In tribulation, in distress, in peril, in famine, in nakedness, we shall have meat to eat which the world knows not of, and be able to joy in the Lord, though the fig-tree does not blossom. Finally: to be filled with the Spirit is no less than heaven begun—heaven brought down into the soul, in title, in meetness, in cheerful prospects. Who should not covet this unspeakable blessing?—*Evans*.

Poetry.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true:
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watchfire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of Love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

TO A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

THOU bird of the free and the tireless wing,
E'er tracing the steps of the airy Spring;
Oh! what hast thou seen in those far-off lands,
With their myrtle groves and their pearly strands?

Come, sing us a song of that sunny clime,
Where the orange grows and the purple vine;
Of the plains that the classic marbles strew,
Of the skies that are deep with the sapphire's blue.

Thou hast passed the desert's burning sod,
Where the footstep of man hath rarely trod;
And hast seen the hues of the gorgeous flowers
That spring all unsown in far eastern bowers.

Come, tell us, thou bird, of the plumage rare
That in orient forests thy fellows wear,
Of the graceful wave of the palm-tree leaves,
Where passes at evening the perfumed breeze:

Say, do tears flow there, 'neath that cloudless heaven?
Do the lovely die, and are strong hearts riven?
Hath Sorrow discover'd that jewell'd shore,
Where the waves dash over a golden ore?

Didst thou hear the swell of the Sabbath chime,
When bid in the boughs of the dark tall pine?
Were there hasting feet at the hour of prayer?
Rose the hymn of praise in the temples there?

Hast thou pour'd thy songs in the deep cool shade
By the stoop of the fair Palmetto made;
And heard the strains of the lover's guitar,
Borne wildly forth on the night winds afar?

Canst thou tell of the dazzling fire-fly's light,
In the pure serene of an eastern night?
How rich the ripe hue on the Mango glows?
Of the festal held where the Banyan grows?

But nought thou canst tell of each glorious thing,
Where halteth the steps of the graceful Spring,
Can lessen the love for our cloud-girt isle,
Though stormy its skies, and feeble their smile.

Yon lands may be rich with the ruby's light,
But the lion steals from their woods at night;
Though their waters bright beds of gold may lave,
They blush with the blood of the death-lash'd slave.

Away, then, thou bird of the roving wing,
I'll abide in the haunts where the daisies spring;
Where the chill winds moan, and the snow-flakes fall,
But *freedom* and *truth* are a meed for all.

MARY LEWIS.

NEVER GIVE UP!

NEVER give up, brother, never give up!
God has a blessing for those who work hard.
Why should you murmur and grumble and fret,
And envy the pleasures from which you're debarred?

Work like a man,
Do the best that you can;
That is the wisest and happiest plan!

Never give up, brother, never give up,
Though the future looks lowering and gloomy and drear,
Though the sun shine not now, yet it may very soon,
So keep up a brave heart and tread down your fear.

Soon may come light,
And all will be bright,
Only struggle and strive and do what is right!

Never give up, brother, never give up,
Though your burden be heavy and dark be your way;
The bow in the clouds only comes with the rain,
And when night is deepest, then bursts forth the day.

Soon troubles will cease,
And your sorrows decrease;
Only trust in the Lord, and then all will be peace!

L.